



*While the Owl had the dish
as its share of the treat.
When the pie was all finished,
the Owl, as a boon,
Was kindly permitted
to pocket the spoon:
While the Panther received knife
and fork with a growl,
And concluded the banquet by—"*

"What is the use of repeating all that stuff?" the Mock Turtle interrupted, "if you don't explain it as you go on? It's by far the most confusing thing I ever heard!"

"Yes, I think you'd better leave off," said the Gryphon, and Alice was only too glad to do so.

"Shall we try another figure of the Lobster-Quadrille?" the Gryphon went on. "Or would you like the Mock Turtle to sing you another song?"

"Oh, a song, please, if the Mock Turtle would be so kind," Alice replied, so eagerly that the Gryphon said, in a rather offended tone, "Hm! No accounting for tastes! Sing her 'Turtle Soup', will you, old fellow?"

The Mock Turtle sighed deeply, and began, in a voice choked with sobs, to sing this:—

*"Beautiful Soup, so rich and green,
Waiting in a hot tureen!
Who for such dainties would not stoop?
Soup of the evening, beautiful Soup!
Soup of the evening, beautiful Soup!
 Beau-ootiful Soo-oop!
 Beau-ootiful Soo-oop!
Soo-oop of the e-e-evening,
 Beautiful, beautiful Soup!"*

*"Beautiful Soup! Who cares for fish,
Game, or any other dish?"*